

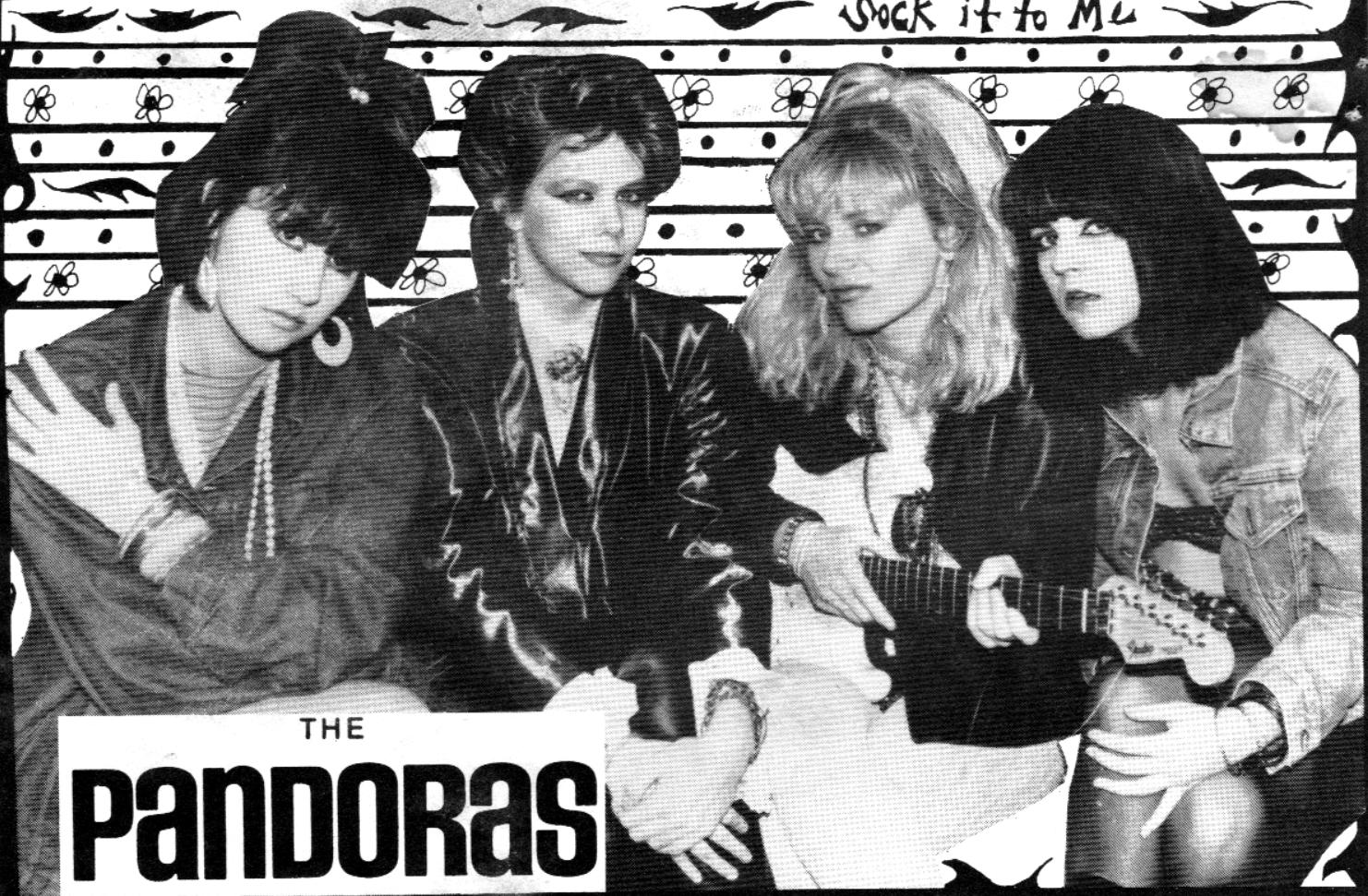
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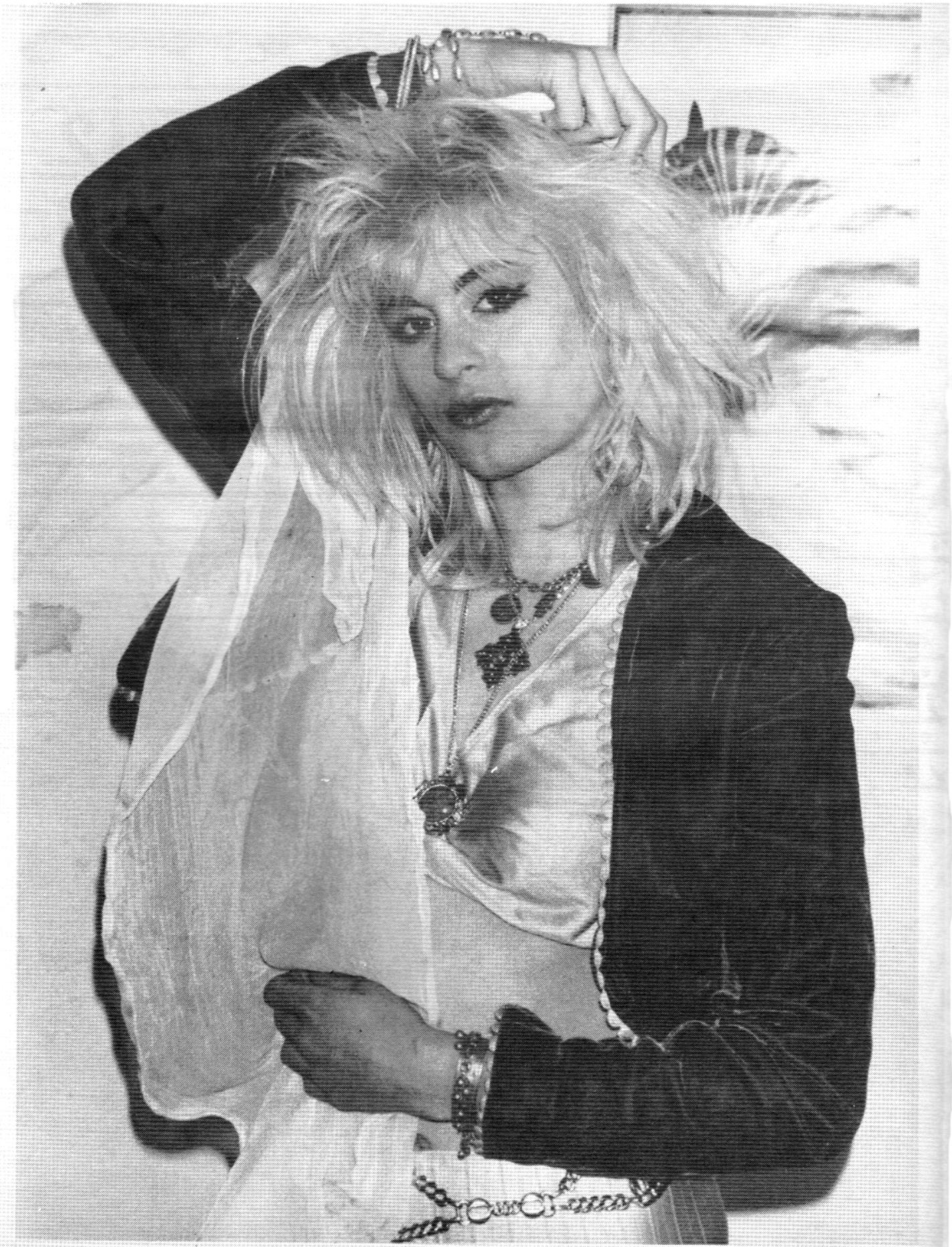


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THIS ISSUE IS
DEDICATED TO:
CHARLIE PARKER

THE
PANDORAS
BY
JILL BROWN
&
SARAH EATON

PHOTOS BY: ROCCO C.

"Hey, excuse us Sir, we're here to interview the Pandoras before the show."

Pushing us aside, the Tour Manster says "No, no interview, now, I have to take the girls out for their seafood dinner and then back to the motel. By the way, do you have consent from the record company?"

Needless to say, by the time we were able to interview the girls (after the show), we had to wrestle our way through a crowd of drooling, google-eyed lubricious men and a hankering horde or tired, irritated Rat bouncers furiously shoving drunk local yowls out the door.

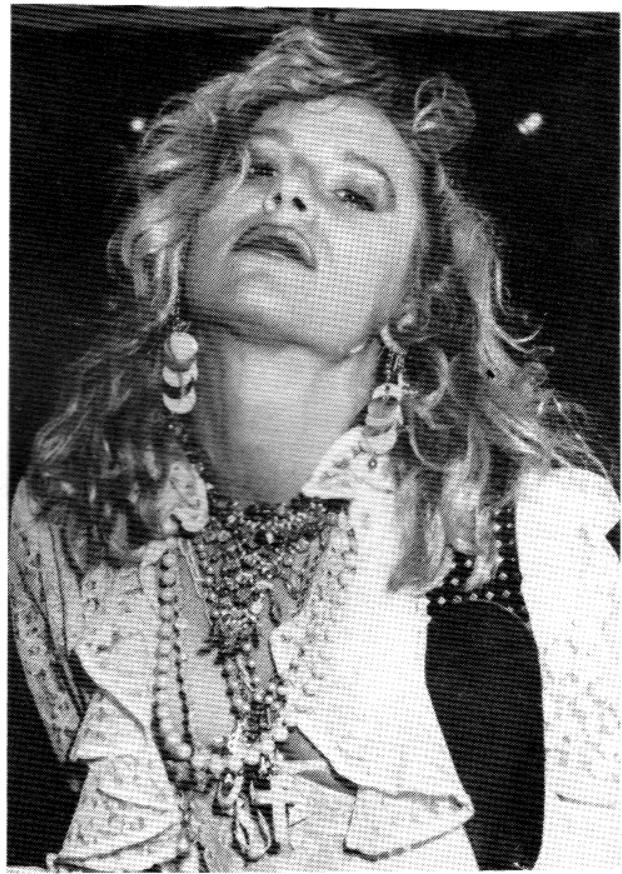
Thank goodness the chicks were all riled up from their energetic set and therefore in good high spirits. We were eager to get a nice juicy chicks to chicks interview rolling. We first posed a few typical questions and established that they've been together in the present line-up for a year and a half (except Kim, the new bass player). They claim to get along like sisters and have similar tastes in music. They like ABC and A-ha, think Mickey Rourke is sexy and that wrestling rules.

Meet LA's garage girls, The Pandoras: Paula, lead guitar, vocals and screams; Melanie, keyboards and gogo dancing; Kim, bass and vocals; and Karen, drummer supreme and vocals.

BANG!: So what do The Pandoras think about other girls groups? Do you like The Brood?

Kim: I like girl groups. I like the Bangles and the Go-Go's. We don't hang out with The Bangles but we go to their shows and they come to our shows.

Paula: The Brood is great, they're too fuckin' raunchy (did Paula really say that? - ed.) And I think Madonna's the hottest thing. She turns on all the guys and I love her music.



Just as we were about to ask how they felt about being compared to The Bangles, a voice from the dreaded backstage peanut gallery blurts out irrelevant questions about politics. "Go away, go away, you're ugly," the interviewers threatened, "girls only!" "Yeah, politics are boring - boys and girls fucking is where it's at!" comments Paula, sporting a sheer pink corset, loosely tied white blouse, lace stockings and shirt. Backstage banter continues; Paula misinterprets "Buzzcocks" for "fuzzbox" and remarks "My fuzzbox is between my legs and it's not very fuzzy."

The Pandoras incorporated most of their new album Stop Pretending (Rhino Records) into their throbbing set. When asked what type of music they prefer to play -- mainstream pop rock or garage grunge -- Paula openly remarked "I cum when I hear fuzz." The general feeling of the band was a collective love of garage music but a desire to "fuck the 60's if going mainstream will make us more famous." Ok but how do they feel about the California garage scene from whence they came? "They hate us, they think we sold out," retorts Paula. "They think we dress like sluts like Madonna, they think we play disco now that we have a synthesizer. That's ridiculous,

we don't play disco but we have a synthesizer because it works better than a vox organ. I still use my old fuzzbox and have a new guitar -- so I guess we kinda sold out to these people and they're jealous because we're doing a lot better than any of them will ever do." Perhaps this is so -- they've been on tour since February 25 and have been getting pretty consistent airplay on local radio stations.

The girls-on-the-go-go maintain their youthful exuberance by devoting their lives solely to rock and roll, rising no earlier than 3:00 pm and cringing at the very thought of day jobs. Beauty sleep is an obviously important factor in the upkeep of a rock and roll lifestyle such as that of the Pandoras. Being in an all-girl band has its definite advantages when it comes to those of the male persuasion as the following segment of conversation reveals:

BANG! It seems obvious to us that you feel women should be able to treat men as casual sex objects. Is this correct?

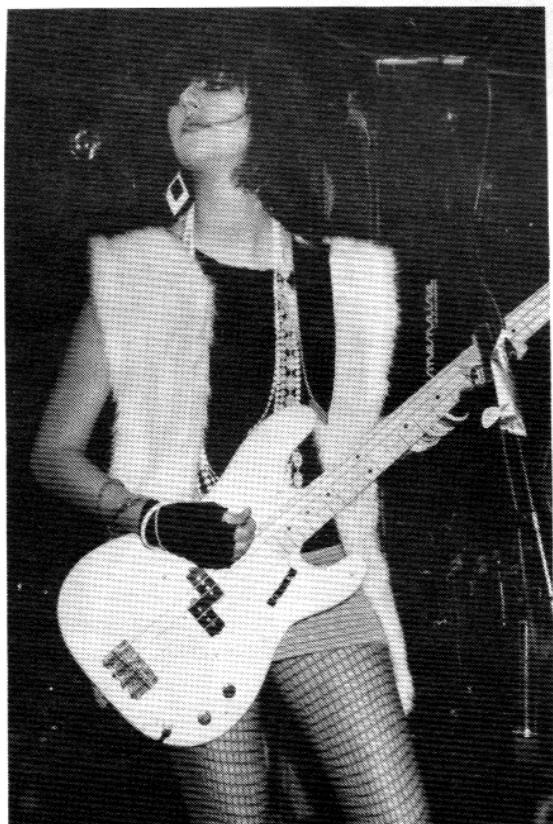
Paula: Yeah we do feel that way and we do it!

BANG!: Do you feel that you can get away with it because you are in a band?

Paula: Yeah, definitely. God, if I wasn't in a band no guys would ever like me. They'd think I was bossy and pushy sometimes. They might feel that I'm slutty and will use them and treat them shitty.

BANG!: Do you think there's a double standard?

Paula: Double standard? Yeah, I have a double standard for guys actually. I think about them



the same way they think about girls. I can fuck around with anyone I want but the guy I'm with can't do anything -- he can't even look at another girl.

BANG!" Do you think your audience is more male than female?

Paula: Yeah there's three girls in the audience usually.

BANG!: Yeah us. Has your audience changed since your record came out?

Paula and Melanie: I think so -- more mainstream and less 60's people.

BANG!: Are there any questions that we haven't asked you that you'd like us to?

Pandoras: Ask us what positions we like.

BANG!: ...Oh

Pandoras: On top!!!

Paula: On bottom, from behind.

Melanie: From the front, from the side, standing up, sitting down ... under a table, on a table.

Paula: OK dig this -- on bottom if I'm too fucked up, on top or everywhere -- if I'm sober which is very seldom.



BANG!: So out of curiosity, what well-known males do you consider sex-gods?

Melanie: Robin Zander and Steven Piercy.

Paula: Morton of A-ha and Nicky Stix of Motley Crue.

Melanie: Rudi Protrudi of The Fuzztones.

Paula: Uh - Elan from The Fuzztones and Michael Jay too, will you write that? Oh and Don Johnson of Miami Vice -- he's not in a band, but I'd rather fuck guys who aren't in bands. My sex god of life is "Rowdy" Roddy Piper. I fucking watch him on TV and cream all the way.

The Pandoras anticipate that their video will be played on MTV as many times as they have sex in one night. The question is, can MTV keep up? —



PHOTO BY: ROCCO C.

DESCENDENTS by AL QUINT

"When you're 4 kids growing up in middle-class whatever and you're very normal, nerdy kids, in that sense, there's a large portion of kids that can relate. We were nerds and we wrote songs about how hyper and high strung we were and how people stepped on us and fucked us over and a lot of people can relate to them." That statement by Descendents' vocalist Milo is certainly a far cry from the stereotypical macho bravado or "fuck authority" stance given to bands that have been a part of the LA punk scene. The Descendents came out of those suburbs and made a name for themselves in the '81-'82 hardcore evolution, through the release of the hilarious "Fat" EP and the "Milo Goes to College" album, running the gamut from nonsensical rants ("Like Food," "I Wanna Be A Bear") to songs that attempt to come to terms with the onset of adulthood, dealing with parental expectations and the pressure of relationships. Their music embraced the loud/fast LA ethic, but they managed to distinguish themselves by including a melodic, poppier element and the album

has stood the test of time, sounding as fresh today as it did in '82, while so many other earlier hardcore releases now sound dated.

In '82, The Descendents broke up and Milo did, indeed, go to college (biochemistry major, no less!) and drummer Bill Stevenson joined Black Flag. Then, in '85, the band reformed and a long-awaited second LP, "I Don't Wanna Grow Up," was released. Why the reconciliation after 3 years? Was it destiny or desperation? Milo says, "It was just more like friendship because we all got along really well and there was no desperation involved. It was just a matter of if you're in a situation that you know is not fulfilling your own thing, you're actually fulfilling somebody else's thing and that was basically the whole idea behind Bill quitting Black Flag. Me and Bill are best friends and we just wanted to jam out because we missed it." Along the way, there have been a few personnel changes. Guitarist Ray Cooper is a holdover from the latter days of the old band, but guitarist Frank Navetta left and bassist Tony Lombardo had

other obligations, so he was replaced by old friend Doug, formerly of Incest Cattle.

Milo points out that this time around he's made "more of a commitment to the band. We spent 5 years playing the LA scene, playing to death and going through a lot of bad times when we wouldn't have shows and going through a lot of personality problems and stuff and, right now, we're at the point where, if we're going to make any progress, we've got to make it now. So I think we're all pretty much committed at this point to really making some big steps in terms of playing more around the country and putting out a lot of new material."

"I Don't Wanna Grow Up" was a combination of old and new stuff. Snot-nosed thrashers like "Pervert," "No Fat Beaver," and "Rockstar" share space with poppier material that shows a lyrical growth as well as musical maturity. While some of the pop songs come across flat on vinyl, live, The Descendents spark to life. Milo gropes at his body, contorting himself, trying to face down the world, yet attempting to shield himself from it. One comes out of a Descendents' gig with a

good feeling, like taking a sunbath. Loud, bus-sing guitar envelopes the senses, enhanced by Bill's speedy, versatile drumming. It's music, as Milo puts it, "that makes me feel real young. When we get out on the stage, that's our play-time, it's our time to be on the playground and throw spitballs at each other. We want to keep young. Hell, The Ramones are 35 years old and they're still rockin', still playing pre-pubescent music." Who needs to grow up anyway . . .

BANG!

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Salem 66 : AN APPRECIATION

BY URETHRA FRANKLIN WITH MONIQUE RIVERA

Think of the total package.

It's Springtime, and in spring thoughts turn to Salem 66. They illustrate May on the local band calendar, rustling among the leaves. Never have I seen a local band more into the creative photo opportunity. Imagination running rampant, spilling over from audio into visual into...who knows what else? How lucky we fans are.

What do you mean, that's catty? We're taking about Salem 66? They'll understand. I know they will. We're dealing on a higher level here. They're Salem 66, for God's sake! (Note that we do not speak of Salem 66 as much as the Idea of Salem 66. Those familiar with the Greek philosophers should have no trouble with this concept.)

God so loved the world that He bestowed upon it a trio of women who...well, maybe that is a bit heavy. But how to explain their strange, inexplicable stranglehold on my imagination? Obsession is what it is. They don't sound like anyone else. Suigeneris? Where did they come from? They might be 6,000 years old, going back to Sumer and Babylonia, maybe even farther. An Ur-band. Serenading Cro-Magnons around campfires. Funny - they don't look much over 25, 27 tops.

It begins with the name. The Spirit of '66? Throwing Salems? Route 66? A name plus a number. There's something about it I can't define but...

Don't believe all that thrown blarney about them just sitting up one fateful night and making up a name. They're not called Salem 66(?) for nothing. Them dames is witches, hear? They cast spells. Bewitch people. Three women around an orange drum cauldron; bubble bubble across the sea. Like three graces who need an extra guitarist to send out the message. Three Graces or maybe Three Fates named Judy, Beth and Susan. The supplemental member? No Muses need apply; a Pan will do.

The new Salem fourth-for-bridge is Steve-Smith-formerly-of-Expando-Brain. From what I've heard of this hyperactive teen, he promises to be lots more interesting than his predecessor, about whom the only thing anyone could ever find to say was that he "fills out the sound." Hey, Robert, what do you do in that band, anyway? "Uh, I fill out the sound. Here, look at these press clips." No wonder it finally got to him - not playing second axe to women, playing second axe, period. Some girls may have thought he was cute - no accounting for taste. But Smith is a wild and crazy guy and let's hope for the best. Anyway.

Salem 66 are not of this world. That must be it. How else explain this weird enchantment? Salem 66 and I go on a picnic together in the forest of Lothlorien, in Middle Earth. We form part of the Chronicles of Narnia. We roam the

mountain ranges of Andorra. Over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go.

How many eons did they strum their pre-conolly lyres, enticing sailors to their deaths on the rocks with a rictus of ecstasy contorting the listener's faces? Throwing muses out the window? Throwing bologna? Throwing passes? Posing in anything, with anything, for anything? Mocking penis envy to anyone who'd listen? Look, there they are again, those silly Salems, what'll they do next? Pose in striped 1890s bathing suits for a day at the seashore? Parasols and hoop skirts on Fifth Avenue? With submachine guns on the streets of Beirut?

Take Salem 66. Please.

Case them in Macbeth and Mac would have never gotten around to skewering Duncan. He'd have been too busy listening to A Ripping Spin on his Walkman and peeling grapes to feed his Lady (probably off in her own world with the Muses cassette). Cast Judy as Lady Macbeth, Beth as Banquo's ghost, Susan as...who? In drag, as Macduff? Donalbain? Lennox (Annie)? Duncan? Hecate? And on second guitar, Hamlet...Wouldn't be much of a drama, though. For that, think Tennessee Williams. Streetcar starring the Salems and Johnny Angel would be a play to see.

Salemsongs are like ideas encountered in dreams. They don't make sense, quite, but thread glittery skeins of enticement around your heart. You float away on a wash of Art, in a beautiful pea-green boat.

It ties in with the lyrics. Pasta Primavera. Springtime. Dancing 'round the maypole. Bury your face in a bouquet of wet fallen leaves, of dewy budding flora. It's all mulch for the same plant as far as this band is concerned.

Just listening to "Sleep on Flowers" makes me weak.

"Ancient Eyes" is a unicorn tapestry.

"Across the Sea" is a song of any year.

Salem 66 of Boston! You take the wind out of my sails, too. Why this hold, this iron grip, this wire mesh, this chain link fence (you should pardon the expression) woven with paisley, underground (you should pardon the expression)? Velvet voices, chordal resolutions, boats, boats, boats? Sail on, 66. White magick! Old as the earth. Endowed.

In non-conclusion: What is Salem 66? The city's longest-running photo op? The world's greatest generic drug? Greek goddesses come to earth, or what? Sui que pasa generis?

The bottom line is they're a band that writes great songs and performs them well, and I am in awe of their God-given great songwriting and capable playing abilities. It doesn't really matter who the next fourth-for-bridge-over-ruffled-waters is; just that they keep dealing the cards. And keep being totally awesome and totally mysterious. Like a myth around a flame.

Non of this world? Uh-uh. More of this world than most. —

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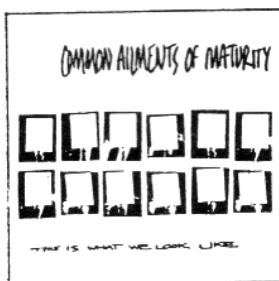
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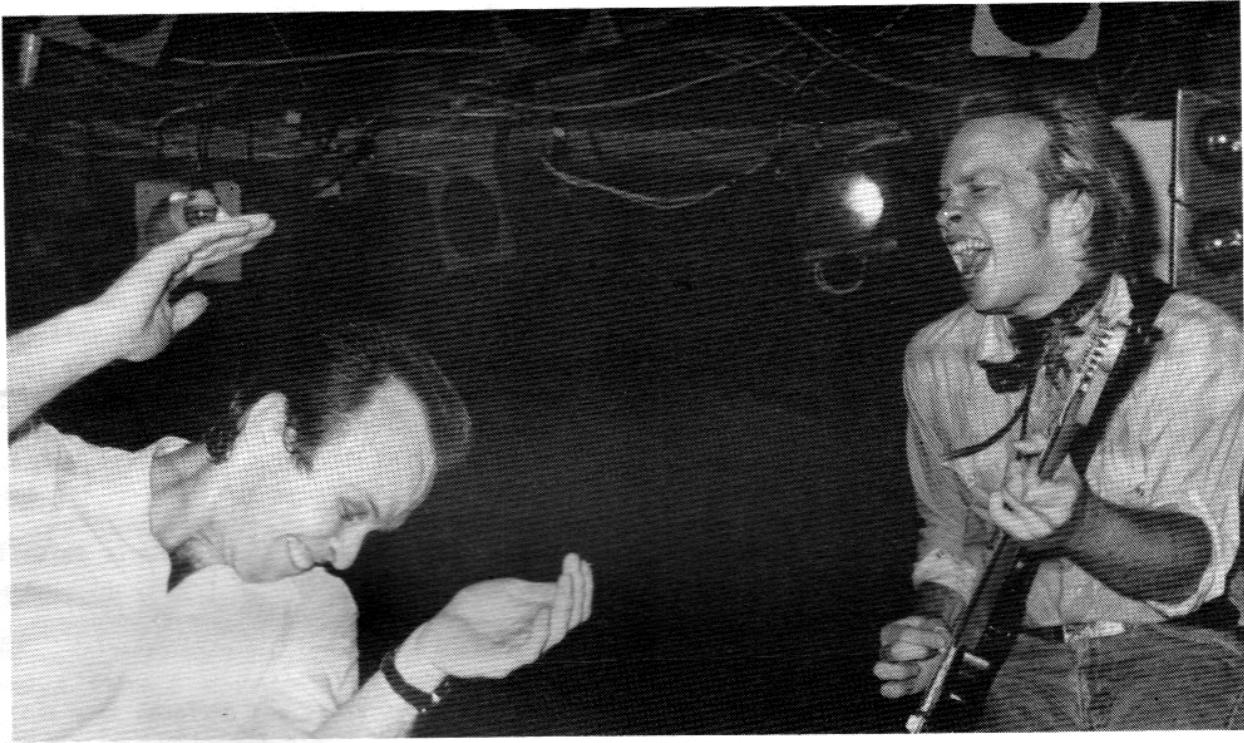


PHOTO BY: PETER PARKE

THE BLASTERS by Monika

HAVING A BLAST WITH DAVE ALVIN!

"It's always been that kind of music. Real hillbilly music and real blues has always been the underground music. It was always the music that was either in the cottonfields or wherever else, and now it's in the honky tonks and the barrooms. And maybe that's good 'cause it stays healthy there." --Dave Alvin

American music stays healthy 'cause of folks like Dave Alvin.

The Blasters--lead guitarist/songwriter Dave Alvin, brother and guitarist/singer/harmonicist Phil Alvin, bassist John Bazz, and drummer Bill Bateman--have released four records (pianist Gene Taylor left the band in '85; saxman Steve Berlin left the group earlier to join Blasters buddies Los Lobos). Their latest LP, Hard Line, is kissed by country, urban blues, gospel, and rock and roll. The result of all these styles merging is delectable, and danceable in the way those solid Elvis riffs are. And the Blasters' sound is as genuine. Amazingly genuine. If Hard Line was released in the fifties, it would've been a classic by now.

That music this cool, this swingin', this fine is being recorded by a band in the eighties - and that band is writing most of these classic tunes themselves - is a bonanza! The Blasters are bringing this music back home, so to speak. Good thing. Not many youngsters can hear heros and

legends like Muddy Waters or Hank Williams, senior, or Big Joe Turner unless they happen upon the music. And that's not likely in a music world where real country and real blues and real American music has to be seeked out on college stations, small clubs, or a neighbor's porch steps. There are country stations available, but north of the Mason-Dixon line, they're full of homogenizing, pasteurizing singers who don't deserve to even say the name "Grand Ole Opry."

The Blasters recently completed a seven-month tour which took 'em across the states - including a stop at Farm Aid. On the tour, saxophonist/blues hero Lee Allen jammed with the band, as did Otis Rush. Their last date was a sold-out show in Boston. Phil Alvin's happy-go-lucky glow, 'say cheese' smiles, and vocals with conviction dee-lighted the singing crowd. The crowd was coming home, to America's music, pure and proud.

On the evening of the last date of that seven-month tour, I spoke with Dave Alvin. He's also been playing with the Knitters (the sub-group of X for which Dave plays guitar). He's intimidating. He wears bandanas and boots and grins a gritty grin. He thought I was too young to be talking about the blues ("Twenty-one! Such a babe!" teased twenty-nine year-old Dave). He didn't want to talk about the Blasters' beer ad

(it's money). I tried to pry those great road

BANG! Where's Joe?

Simon: Asleep in the van.

Clint: He's too cool to talk!

"...The 'shuttle-swing' time you've played here? comes from guest musicians the Jordannaires (!). Elvis' famous back-up singers found their place on the platter through Gene Taylor who toured with Ricky Nelson who toured with the Jordannaires. "I had written the song and we were learning it and it got to that point where it's like, 'What are we gonna put in the little holes? Are we going to put in a little piano fill or a little guitar fill, or what?' And when I was showing (Phil) how to sing the song - 'Well, I think, wop-de-wop...' it was like, hey!" says Dave.

The most memorable thing about the Blasters' live show that particular night was the dedication of songs by Phil. This song is dedicated to Little Richard...this song is dedicated to Sam Cooke...this song goes out to the Hoodoo Barbeque. The second most memorable thing was their song "Common Man," also from Hard Line. Live or recorded, it sends chills and stirs blood. It seems directed to Reagan and Nancy and other patronizing lawmakers/muckrakers. Dave adds, "It could be to anybody that sort of represents that stuff. I'm a pro-union kind of guy, but there's certain union leaders I would throw the song at. There's certain movie stars, certain bands, anybody. Anybody, anytime they start talkin' about the mass, the people, or the common man, I start seeing Hitler hanging around. The whole concept of the common man and he thinks as a bulk set and all that. Which is true I guess in some ways, but in other ways, it's not true."

Dave's favorite song he's written - "my baby, that we don't even play because I won't even let it out" - is a song from the Non-Fiction album called "Bus Station." "That's the one that I keep by my heart," he confides. "We didn't do it right on the record, and one of these days

we'll do it right...then we'll do it (live). I think it's one of the better songs I wrote." Songs Dave wishes he would've written: "Oh! What decade??) 'America The Beautiful,' 'Jingle Bells,' 'White Christmas.' There's a re-take song by the Leroi Brothers, 'Pretty Little Girls Of Town,' I wish I would've written. There's a Marshall Crenshaw song I wish I'd've written. A couple of X songs--"

Some half of Europe (it seems) would've had to have written: Dave's "Marie Marie," a boy rockabilly fling from The Blasters. A full of European pop stars have covered and retold with this one. Dave says he's got a cassette full of nothing but "Marie Marie" covers at home.

The one road story I pried out of Dave was about where Otis Rush jammed with the band in Gary, Canada. "I was so scared I couldn't even play a solo," says Dave. "He turned around and said, 'Take a solo.' I go, 'NO!' He's a guitar player from Chicago and he made these classic records in the late fifties that are just massive guitar records. You meet somebody like that - you meet Bob Dylan - and you're like, "Oh my God! I need a drink. This is not real!" 'Cause one of the ways that I stay sane and (the band) stays sane, we still think of ourselves as 'a band from Downey' and we're just here by fluke. And in some ways that's bad 'cause it tends to be self-deprecating, but in another way it's good because you don't really get a big head and everything is still four or five years down the line. Everything is still like new in some ways. It's like, what are we doing here? We're not supposed to be here. We're supposed to be working a day job! Know what I mean? We're just a bunch of smelly rock and rollers. And so when that kind of stuff happens you're real honored and we get real enthusiastic and 'LikeohmygodIdon'tbelieveinwemetylou!!!'

"Especially in this type of music we play," Dave continues. "If it doesn't sound enthusiastic, people can smell it. And there are bands that will remain nameless that play this type of music - no enthusiasm for it at all! Why bother?! 'Cause each time you play those three chords, you gotta make 'em sound like it's the first time you've played those three chords."

**NEXT
ISSUE
The MOD FUN**

AT THE CHILI PEPPERS

PRESS CONFERENCE

By Holly HaHa

They like X, The Germs, Jimi Hendrix. Flea has a Jimi Hendrix tattoo that's most popular. This press conference is being held at Boston University. Last place I'd expect to see the Chili Peppers. The room is filled with college radio dj's, fanzine editors, writers, photographers, stragglers, and groupies. And to think of all the time and money wasted on calling New York to talk with the Peppers publicist. She was so sure that BANG! is not. Some guy walks in, probably their road manager, put his hands up into the air, swings 'em down and introduces the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Anxious as I was, figuring on what kind of entry they'd made. They all sort of dove onto the floor and on top of each other, wrestled around a bit, stood up, saluted and took their seats. Nervous, this being their first press conference and all, Anthony asked if anybody had a cigarette for each member of the band. We obliged, and lit one ourselves, thinking that if the band didn't smoke, we probably wouldn't be allowed to either. Sometime ago, while I was living on the west coast I was looking through the want ads and such of a popular weekly newsheet there. I came across an ad that read: "Learn to be the poppin'est, hoppin'est, hardin'est, funkiest bass player in the world. Call Flea." I proceeded. Hell I didn't know anybody in L.A. No lie. This Flea dude pops the hardest. Fact at their last Paradise show, he broke his first string right into the first song, or was it the second, who cares. Do you know what I'm trying to get at. This kid rocks. So they dumped Bobby and picked

up an old friend named Hillel Slovack on guitar. Jack Sherman beats the skins (he used to for Captain Beefheart too), and Anthony "Antwan le swan" Kiedis belts 'em out, continuously, all night long.

My first exposure to these wild guys was on the not so popular TV show *Thicke of the Night*. Since then they've dyed their hair different colors, grew a few inches, and put out two exciting albums. The first being "Red Hot Chili Peppers" produced by Andy Gill, (there's a lot of dirt in that story, maybe I'll tell you some other time) the second, "Freaky Styley," produced by George Clinton. Forget about videos. This time around the boys blew it. Mix up in schedule with time, money and the record label, left many fans and MTV craving for a video. Maybe next time. The Chili Peppers know a lot about sex, and spend most of their time at press conferences talking about it. Especially when most of the people at this conference are either too afraid, and nervous to ask them anything, or they're just here for the "fun of it." They sang us a song: Stranded. It goes, "Stranded, Stranded, Stranded on the toilet bowl. Stranded, Stranded, Stranded on the toilet bowl. What do you do when you're stranded, ain't nothing on the roll, To prove you're a man you must wipe it with your hand, Stranded on a toilet bowl." Explaining afterward, that was another true story. So everyone thinks these guys are white boys trying to be black. Punks trying to be rappers. Hollywood kids trying to be Detroit. 'Cos everybody has to compare you to something right? Oh by the way did you know that Eddie Murphy wrote a song about Flea? Yeah!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

The Clintons have been called one of NY's finest rocking bands -- a title attributed to many, but a listen to their single, "Girl Next Door," proves them worthy contenders to the title. At present they're shopping for a deal with a major label, and with Chordmaster Clint Clinton at the helm, they're far from lazy when it comes to playing live. Hell, reading through their press kit, you get the impression that the Clintons are just average nice guys...and they are. No attitudes here.

The Clintons are:

Clint Clinton - guitar

Joe Liberty - bass

Simon "Baby Lee" Walker - drums

BANG! Where's Joe?

Simon: Asleep in the van.

Clint: He's too cool to talk!

BANG! Is this the first time you've played here?

Simon: We played at Chet's last winter in the middle of a snowstorm with Scruffy the Cat.

BANG! Both you and Scruffy seem to have the "country punk" label stuck on you.

Clint: We're not though...we're more a "shed" band than a garage band! Like, I'm from Knoxville, TN, and sometimes we play country songs, but most of the time we don't. Rockabilly, Trashabilly, people just make up what they want. We really haven't told what kind of bank we are yet.

BANG! Who are your main influences?

Clint: Drugs!

Simon: We have all sorts of influences. People are rediscovering a lot of music today.

Clint: We have a lot, usually we just say the radio.

BANG! What about recording? Are you doing anything at the moment?

Simon: We're in "pre-production" right now.

BANG! Is Eric Ambel producing?

Clint: No, he won't do the next one.

Simon: We'll be doin' it ourselves with a little help.

BANG! How did you evolve from the Rockin' Companions to the Clintons?

Clint: (amid general laughter) We never were that.

Simon: It was our cousins...

Clint: See, we lived in this slum, and these Puerto Rican guys had like a social club in the basement with a TV and stuff. We'd go down there and drink beer with them, and they nicknamed us "Los Compadres," we were their "rockin' companions."

BANG! Are you called the Clintons after Clinton Hotel?

Clint: No, Clinton Street.

Simon: That's the beauty of it. Everywhere you



PHOTO BY: PETER PARK

the CLINTONS

BY

DONNA LEE

go, there's a Clinton Street, a Clinton something.

BANG! So you live on Clinton Street.

Clint: See, I was from Knoxville, and he was here from Dublin, both of us didn't know anybody...in the beginning we didn't have any equipment. We borrowed other people's until we got our own.

BANG! So have you done any touring?

Simon: Hopefully we'll do some when the LP comes out.

Clint: Yeah, it'd be nice to tour.

BANG! How about video? I read somewhere that there was one in the works.

Clint: We've got tapes of ourselves live at the Ritz but it hasn't materialized yet. It won't be a sexist video, though!

Simon: Sexy not sexist.

BANG! How's the single doing?

Clint: It's got the highest "or shelf" sales for a single on Twin Tone.

Simon: Best shelf life of any single!

BANG! One last question...Who did the cover? (an all girl topless band)

Clint: This girl who's a big fan of ours. She draws Veronica for a living. She stole that picture from her boss's desk and said "here - put this on your single" sorta half-kidding, but we put it on.



PHOTO BY: © LYNN ARGENTANO

MAKING DICK DANCE: ED GEIN'S CAR CHARMS THE SNAKE

"We're not hardcore...we never really set out to be...I read about what we are...what we are is just a rock and roll band...We're not hardcore, but we've been classified. I look in the record store for my record sometimes, and I see it under Hardcore. We're not hardcore, we're really not...". That's Tim Carroll, guitarist for Ed Gein's Car, trying for the millionth time to explain what the band is not. It's hard to say why they got thrown into the hardcore category; maybe it's because they're a little too raw to fit into the AOR format. Maybe it's because they're loud and fast, but they're not metal. In any case, it's important to let the music speak for itself, and Ed Gein's Car's music is unique.

You'll be listening to the radio, and a ringing guitar riff or a relentless drum beat will catch your ear. Then the first line of the song will make you sit up straight and laugh. They've got you. Ha, ha! Made you look! They made you listen, whether you wanted to or not. But then you've got a decision to make: you can keep laughing at the joke, or you can stop and think about those lyrics...they're a little weird, aren't they? Even a seemingly innocuous song like "Brain Dead Baby" can catch you up short. The first line goes, "I remember when I first metcha, they brought you in on a hospital stretcher." There's a grabber. You have to

ED GEIN'S CAR MARY BY RADAR

laugh, but it is, after all, a bit Frankensteinian. A woman is sewn up, piece by piece, and kept on a life-support system, although her brain is dead. Won't she make...the perfect wife? I doubt if they meant that particular song to be taken that seriously, but you can't help thinking...

Then there are the ones they are serious about, and those get scary. "R.A.P.E" and "Boo Hoo", for instance. The "!" in each of those songs is a sick, sick man, and he lays his psychosis out coldly before you. There are no judgments, no solutions. It's up to you to decide why he's the way he is, and what the hell to do about him. I don't mean to get maudlin here - this band can go a mile a minute, and they're lots of fun, but they've also got important things to say, and some people aren't getting it. Like the guy who decided they're pro-rape. Like the other guy who decided they're sexually frustrated. These people want pictures drawn for them, but EGC won't connect the dots. The fact is, listening to Ed Gein's Car doesn't have to be an intellectual exercise, but if you do pause to examine the lyrics, you're going to have to think for yourself. "We read the papers", Eric Hedin (bass) says, "We report on things...The world is a sick place." Tim agrees: "All right, I take the train to work every day. I live here in New York...Well, one day, I saw

this man, and it wasn't his fault, but there's a lot of people over here that really can't take care of themselves, and it's not just New York...but here, there are people that can't even, like, eat, and there was this guy, and I'm on the way to work like a lot of people do. You cram yourselves into these trains every day and it's bad. Y'know, it's like sardines in a can, and you gotta, like, push in and you go to your job and you hate it. I hate my job, but I work, y'know, I do...You know why I work? So I can buy guitar strings, and I buy picks...But there's this old man, and he took a dump on the train; you know what I mean, he fuckin' like, took his pants down and took a shit on the train, like, laid it out there, like a dog...And the cops beat the piss out of him in front of me. That's the sickest think I saw...But I don't really fuckin' feel bad for the cops because they hadda clean it up (and that's a bad thing...they hadda, like, scoop it up), but I felt bad for the guy. That's the sickest thing I seen in this city. We got a lotta problems over here...If you work here and live here and take the subways, you can see enough shit, uh, enough stuff, to write songs..."

Ed Gein's Car was formed about two years ago. Their first recording, "Brain Dead Baby" (b/w "Too Old To Die Young" and "Wait 'Til Your Father Gets Home"), was released just one month before the real Ed Gein died in a Wisconsin mental institution in July. 1984. The band denies any responsibility for Gein's timely passing, preferring only to state that "It was real nice of him to kick off when he did and give us all that free publicity!" For those who don't know Gein's story, Ed was sort of well, a character. He was a handyman, a babysitter, a murderer, a graverobber, and a cannibal. "The reason I like the name of the car," Scot Weiss (lead singer) says, "is the fact that this guy, who's a money-hungry little bastard...bought Ed Gein's car because it was written up in Life magazine, and he took it from sideshow to sideshow...But also somebody tried to buy his house so they could turn it into a horror museum, and the neighbors burned down the house...torched the mother-fucker, so I have a feeling if we go, like, anywhere near Wisconsin...they're gonna torch us motherfuckers, too!" Eric adds, "No, but basically we saw a photograph of a poster: 'Come see Ed Gein's Car, the car that hauled the dead from their graves!', and that inspired the name of the band." Fred Argenziano (drummer) observes, "Rock and roll is a sideshow anyway." And Scot says, "We figured if people would pay money to come see Ed Gein's car, they'd pay money to see us."

The band got good response from the EP and quickly gained a reputation for putting on a tight, hard-driving show. Scot has a genuinely good voice, and a confrontational approach: he

advances and retreats from the audience like a skinny army of one. He can alternately charm you and scare the pants off you. Eric's vocals range from precision harmony to funhouse screech: his bass is definitely at risk, as he prowls the stage thumping the stuffing out of it. Tim's guitar work is solid and endlessly inventive. When he's really bearing down, it can sometimes sound like two guitars. And Tim makes feedback. Not wall-of-noise type feedback, but neat, pinpoint, punctuating shots. His singing is growly and aggressive. Fred's back there looming ominously behind the drums, brown knit in concentration. His playing is clean, crisp, and no-frills. These guys love to perform and it shows. They laugh at their own jokes; they play like demons, attacking their instruments, the mikes, and each other, and everything's a little shredded when they get off.

So they kicked around the New York area trying to make enough money to produce an album, and finally released Making Dick Dance in December of '85. This was a true labor of love. Like a lot of other hard-working unsigned bands, they did everything themselves, right down to the artwork and the packaging. "It was important for us to do this thing as an independent, so that we could keep control of what the final product became," Fred says. "Rather than attempt to get somebody to put the record out for us, we put it out ourselves, so that all the risks, and all the criticism or praise, are our own. When you listen to the record, you're as close to the band as you can possibly get without being in the same room with us. There's not one phase of this that we weren't in control of, with the exception, of course, of the distribution. It's absolutely necessary to have a strong independent music scene, not only for the audience who gets an alternative source of music, but also for the bands, since the scene opens up a channel for communication."

The quality is impressive. At a time when many groups are padding their material with bad '60's covers, this LP features thirteen original songs, each completely different from the others; this is not one of those albums in which the first cut tells you exactly what the rest of the record is going to sound like. I mean, "Annette" and "Kiss Daddy Goodnight" are both love songs of sorts, but nobody's ever going to get them confused. Aside from the obvious difference in tempo, one of these songs is definitely not funny. That's the beauty of this band live, too - there's no danger you're going to lose interest in the middle of the set because everything sounds the same. "We're very complex," Tim admits. "We draw on a lot of people...Soft Boys, New York Dolls, Iggy and the Stooges...I like Johnny Thunders, except I hated his last tour..."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

TOXIC REASONS

by al quint

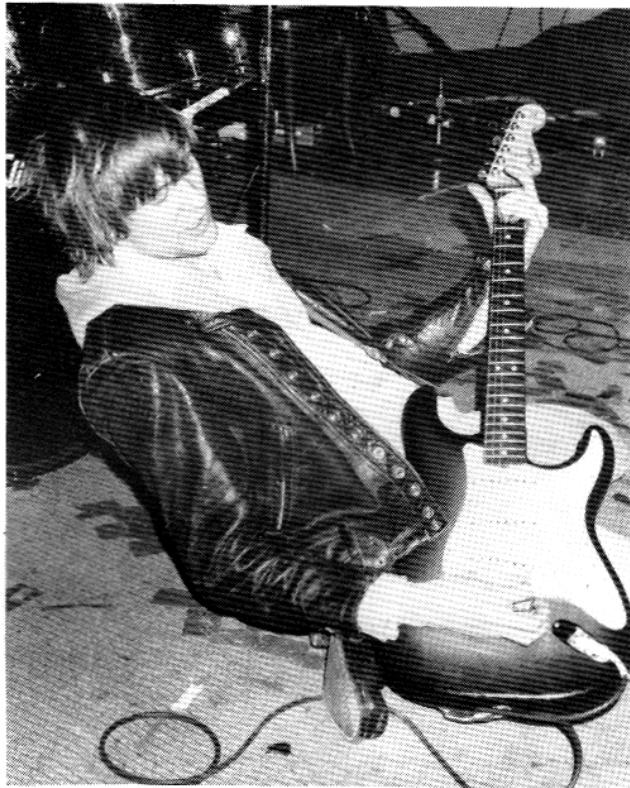
Toxic Reasons are a bunch of rock'n roll nomads. In fact, on their new album, "Within These Walls," bassist Tufty exclaims, "I'm a wanderer and I don't have a home/A modern day gypsy not tied to anyone." That lyric could be Toxic Reasons' autobiography the past few years, with endless touring that has taken them all over the US, Canada and much of Europe. Any band willing to spend that much time in strange places must possess commitment to a high set of ideals and commitment seems to be at the heart of Toxic Reasons. With the new album, the music has taken a more accessible and melodic direction but the lyrics make as strong a statement as ever, expressing concern with such issues as the plight of the poor and the threat of war. While I find the newer material lacking a bit in musical punch on vinyl, live, Toxic Reasons showed, at their recent TT's gig, that they have gelled as a unit and still kick ass, incorporating melody and structure while losing none of the old feeling.

Toxic Reasons formed around 1980 in Dayton, Ohio and, by the time the band's debut album "Independence" was hitting the stores, vocalist Ed Pittman was out of the band. The album was raging punk rock, anthemic and stirring, reminiscent of early Stiff Little Fingers, with Ed's sandpaper vocals at the fore. The lyrics took on a blatantly political emphasis. With a tour on the horizon, bassist Rob Lucjak switched to rhythm guitar, Tufty, a refugee from Indianapolis thrashers The Zero Boys, was recruited on bass, joining forces with drummer JJ Pearson and guitarist Bruce Stuckey, forming quite the international band (JJ is Canadian, Bruce is American and Rob and Tufty are British). All members assumed vocal duties and, by this time, had relocated to San Francisco.

1984 saw the release of "Kill By Remote Control," showing markedly improved instrumentation, although the vocals still lacked a bit of presence. "Remote Control" was one of '84s best albums, with aggressive thrash merging with a stronger emphasis on melodic texture. Since that album, there has been more touring, a "UK-only 7," "God Bless America," and, finally, the new album.

"Punk rocker--what's it mean to you--is it a revolution?" comes from the song "Revolution" on "Remote Control." What does it mean to Toxic Reasons? Rob said, "the reason (Tufty) wrote it was the fighting that was going on, the machism,

PHOTO BY: ROCCO C.



the egotism, the fellows in the front row whacking around their fists in people's faces. Why waste the energy when you can use it constructively?" Bruce sees punk as mostly "rebellious against the low standard of music" and, when questioned whether rebellion on an intellectual level has taken place, states, "When Maximum Rock 'N Roll first got started, an evolution of mental thinking was taking place, but now I think it's stagnated to the point where you have these in-scene frictions and this stupid bullshit based on whether someone has a mohawk or is a poseur."

Having again relocated, this time to Indianapolis, the band intends to record another album shortly, hoping, as Tufty put it, "to get more harmonies going and make the music a bit more interesting than your average stuff." More touring is also on the horizon, which leads one to wonder what could motivate a band to dedicate so much time to a nomad-like existence. Bruce says, "it's worth it when you go to a small town and you play and you see them next time around and they're really into it, they've started a band and they're really starting to pay attention to what's going on around them and that makes it worth it." An escape from "those candy-apple ideas about the American dream of 2 cars and 5 TV's and the banker rips you open and takes all your vital organs out and puts them in his bank and says 'you can have these back when you're 65 - MAYBE!'"

The rough edges and rawness of days gone by may have been smoothed, but Toxic Reasons remain as an articulate, concerned voice crying out against injustice, with the musical tools to bring the message home with impact and passion.



PHOTO BY: PHIL-IN-PHLASH!

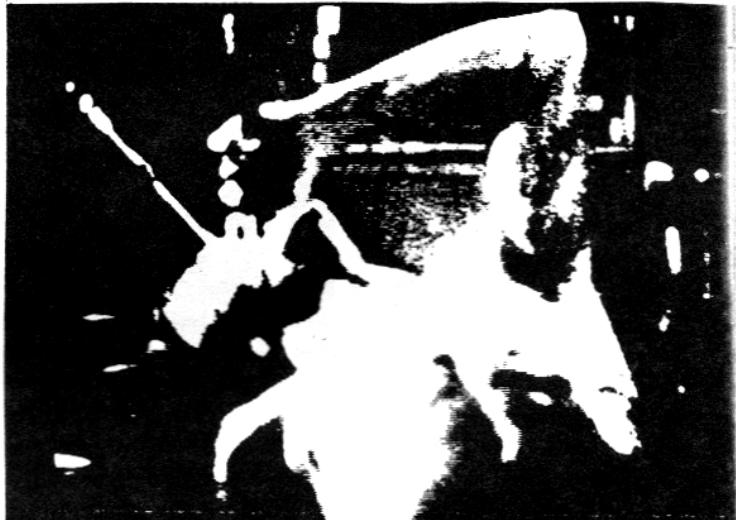
TURBINES

by avie altman

An update on the Turbines. . .Everyone pretty much knows who they are and what music they play, yeah? Dave Shibler rolled his eyes, John Hovorka kinda frowned and Jack Hickey sighed real loudly when I asked them all particular questions on the past (Fred Nazzaro suffered with sickness at home). They're no longer concerned with anything that has happened. Happening. Now. Hell, they've got the reasons.

As in (A) da video. "Waa Hey." By this guy named Tiedeman who's worked as director with the Cars and Dogmatics before. For national use. "But it's cheap," says Jack. "No helicopters or anything. We're going to do anything Turbine-ish we can think of doing." There's a storyline they promise me, but none of 'em know what it is yet. (B) da record. LAST DANCE BEFORE HIGHWAY appears to be doing great both here and abroad. Released domestically in England on Big Time/Demon. Lots of radio play to be proud of too. Dave: "John Peel on BBC1 loves us. He's named us as like his favorite American group. We're hoping to go over there after. . ." (C) da cross country tour. Two whole months on the road. Two whole months without the Turbines in Boston. Two whole months to go to Los Angeles and come back via Southern routes. They're real excited because New American Artists from Nashville has taken over booking the national tour, a move their manager - Lilli Dennison - gets all the credit for.

In between this, they're writing new songs for the next record and leaning back, allowing the usual haphazard, unplanned manner of life to continue. Why not? Working so far. —



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MUSIC

Reviews

Stormtroopers of Death -- "Speak English of Die"
Megaforce Records, 60 York St., Old Bridge, NJ
08857)

Take 3 NY metallers and one skinhead and you get not only a pathetic idea of what heavy metal people think hardcore sounds like and is about, but lyrical ideas that border on xenophobic racism, in fact, crossing that border. To SOD, it's only speed that counts and revelling in violence is cool. SOD often rely on speed and little else, plus the title track, whether meant in jest or not (I doubt it's in jest, after reading a recent interview with them) only causes to fuel the Rambo-inspired fires of hatred: "You come into our country/you can't get real jobs /boats and boats and boats of you/go home you fuckin' slobs." A lot of people have picked up on SOD as the ultimate metal/HC crossover. Too bad, because their musical originality and simpleminded lyricism lack substance and intelligence.

-- Portnoy

Oysters -- "Green Eggs & Ham" (Taang Records, P.O. Box 51, Auburndale, MA 02166)

The Oysters are one of Boston's many partin', guitar-oriented bands and this is an album of boozed up, hard-edged rock 'n roll, nothing more, nothing less. Richie's vocals are unpolished, but enhanced by the rave-up, aggressive musicianship. The Oysters show a penchant for the pop hook on tracks like "On Special," "Reeferbrain" and "Never Promised," all of which sound great coming out of a car speaker, a prime requirement for a Taang release. Spirited rock (in more ways than one) to drink 'n dance up a sweat to.

-- Portnoy

THE KANE GANG - "Lowdown" (LP, Polygram Records, Inc., 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10019)

The Kane Gang's "Lowdown" is an impressive collection of diverse songs. Their sound has no rough edges to it, and the tunes range from upbeat to mellow, bluesy but never depressing.

"Respect Yourself" is jazzy and soulful with an encouraging message. One gets the feeling that Aretha Franklin would love to do a cover of this song. "Closest Thing to Heaven" could have been another tiresome analogy about love, but instead is refreshingly original as if written from the heart.

Michael Watson's smooth tenor sax is highlighted in "Crease in His Hat," a charming Crosby, Stills, and Nash-like tune. "How Much Longer?" is pretty and mellow, and is reminiscent of the Style Council's "Ever Changing Moods."

The vocals of Paul Woods and Martin Brammer are a perfect combination, and with the blend of the other Kane Gang members, the result is a polished album worth attention.

-- Rachelle Romberg

THE COLOURFIELD - Virgins and Phillistines (Chrysalis)

Although The Colourfield is Terry Hall's new band, traces of his former groups Fun Boy 3 & The Specials are hardly evident throughout this debut release. What is evident though is that Terry's voice has never sounded better, and his song writing is equally impressive. Of course, some may complain of Terry's depression, but even through the tale of lost love, 'Take', a glimmer of hope is expressed through the song's tuneful melodic twists. Throughout the other 11 songs, the band ventures into soft psychedelia, beautiful love (or lost love) songs, 60's folk, and somber, sad songs. Chances are taken within this record; most notably the percussive/guitar licks in 'Pushing Up Daisies' and 'Faint Hearts', the direct anti-meal eater 'Cruel Circus,' and the beautiful rendition of 'Hammond Song.' Overall, Virgins and Phillistines is a worthwhile collection of personal thoughts and catchy tunes.

-- Andy Waltzer

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Genuine Houserockin' Music" LP (Alligator Records, P.O. Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)

Alligator Records, the Nightstage of indie labels, brings you the best of today's rockin' blues. This sampler wants to be an excellent introduction to their roster, and, of course, is. I could rave on and on with such blues-critic cliches as "tasty licks," "slow cookin'" and "rave-up," but why should I bore both of us? Especially when you could be hearing Son Seals growl "I'm goin' home/Where women got some meat on their bones," and know you've connected with that Great Truth you'd been seeking - any further explication on my part would be a waste of ink on this good paper stock.

Highlights range from Johnny Winter's "Sound the Bell" to Lonnie Mack's "Satisfy Suzie" (with Stevie Ray Vaughan on second guitar) to Albert Collin's slow-cookin' (oops, sorry) "Blackjack" by way of trad blues, to soul shouter Lonnie Brooks, to that great rave-up (sorry again) on Roy Buchanan's "Short Fuse", all driving towards the climactic, hitherto-unreleased 1973 recording of "Don't Blame Me" by the late Hound Dog Taylor and the (probably not dead) Houserockers, a piece of controlled-feedback

slide guitar boogie that - another cliche dead ahead - is worth the price of the record. Ooh baby. Fans of the instrument Guitar will be endlessly facinated, and as for the rest of us, don't analyze - just lay back and soak it up. After all, you can't listen to that hardcore thrash stuff all day (unless you're Gerard Cosloy - now that's something to really sing them blues about).

--Monique Rivera

HOODOO GURUS - Bittersweet (Chrysalis/Bigtime, 6410 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90038)

Even if one owns the Mars album or the 45 of "Bittersweet" this three-song EP is definitely worth buying for the two tracks on the B-side. The primal, ritualistic and ultimately cathartic nature of working it on out to a relentless beat is the basis for "Bring The Hoodoo Down." One imagines a frenzied, bare footed mob 'round a fire, pounding the earth to the throbbing beat of drums. In the succulent "Turkey Dinner," that certain lover, the kind of lover you just want to eat up, is likened to a juicy roast turkey dinner. Pass the gravy!

--Sarah Eaton

SHOCK THERAPY - "Shock Therapy," 7-song EP (Metro America Records, P.O. Box 37044, Detroit, MI 48237)

Shock Therapy, a synth-pop band from Michigan, reflects feelings of frustration with their self-titled EP. "X-Ray House" leads off side one with ear-scratching keyboards and the vocal nodes of Gregory John McCormick. "Pain" screams rebellion: "I'll never be one of you!" Here, the singer refuses to allow the pain of life to take control.

Surprisingly, "Hate is a 4-Letter Word" is almost pretty; it starts so slow and romantic that one would expect Melissa Manchester to begin singing. The mood is broken, however, with a violent scream and annoying echoes. "The Scream" is reminiscent of the frustration felt in Much's painting.

Shock Therapy sings of their music as being a "product only second rate." This music was created by a few individuals needing to purge their souls. The result is a bitter, aching EP about fighting to endure life.

--Rachelle Romberg

THE NEW ALBUM



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THE NOMADS - "She Pays The Rent" 12" EP (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

This three-song EP opens with a ripping cover of the Lyres' "She Pays The Rent" displaying in full color, the cranked, adrenilating sound that this buncha Swedes spew out. Like most of their covers, The Nomads waste no time making this song their own. "My Little Ruby" is a little screamer but the killer is the flip side number "Nitroglycerine Shrieks." This original, one of a handful it seems, recalls early drug experiences in a dark, dank cellar. Distorted vocals, unflagging rhythm and shrieking, oozing guitar work penetrate the body like some unforeseen nightmarish chill. Someone should send these guys exit visas.

--Sarah Eaton

THE SCREAMING TRIBESMEN - "Date With A Vampire" 4-song EP (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

Vampire is more lively, direct and a bit catchier than the rich, moody sounds of the Tribesmen's first EP Move A Little Closer. Although the entire line-up of the band, save for one member, is new, this four-song EP is still characterized by Mick Medew's blistering guitar and resonant vocals. Pretty riffs and harmonized choruses in "Blind Mice" give way to a fatter rocking sound in "High Time" which shows off Medew's scalding guitar; "Date With A Vampire" is a campy number but B-horror movie type stuff is getting tired; "Ice" is quick, cool and a bit snotty. All in all another great Australian disc.

--Sarah Eaton

JIMMY JOHNSON - "Bar Room Preacher" (Alligator Records, P.O. Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)

This is relaxation blues, not exactly laid back but music that makes for easy listening in the best sense. Or, let us say, appreciative listening. Chicago-based guitarist/singer Jimmy Johnson is a smoothie who plays urbane, funkified electric rocking blues, good-natured but far from insipid. His classic deep, slurred blues voice complements his own graceful guitar work and the jamming of his backing trio, which performs perhaps to best effect without it on the six-minute instrumental "Missing Link." Johnson does better when he strays from moaning blues cliches, hitting his groove with easygoing lighter fare such as "Little By Little." Or the homestyle cooking of "Chicken Heads," which contains this memorable couplet: "Some like the breas'/Some like the leg/Some like the wing/But save me the head." I wouldn't let him cook me dinner, but save this one for me.

--Monique Rivera

HOPELESSLY OBSCURE - EP (Majestic Records, P.O. Box 106, Downtown Station, Portland, ME 04112)

The Hopelessly Obscure manage to get themselves apart a bit from the suspiciously large throngs of 60's garage-influenced bands still springing up everywhere and that stands for something in a genre where far too many play it safe. However for all the band's inventiveness, their EP sounds curiously flat. Two more as mighty as "Rain of Death" or "Everything She Says is Cryptic (She's So Obscure)," which with its semi-manic guitar break and already sounds like a lost classic from the oft-mentioned decade, could have made this one to shout about. The remaining two cuts ("Ascent to Hell" doesn't count since it's just a bunch of hippies reciting their mantras in a tunnel - pick up the needle yourself of they'll never shut up) have the band sounding way too detached from what they're playing to give the songs any substance. Could have been a contender.

--Chris B.

BIG STICK - "Shoot the President"/"Drag Racing" b/w "I Look Like Shit"/"Hell on Earth" (Recess Records, 26-10 18th Street, Astoria, NY 11102)

I listen to the record once. I close my eyes. I make a bet with myself. I bet Big Stick met while in art school. I read the bio. I win this bet. I play the record some more and then I write my review. It goes like this: Noisy. Real noisy. Guitars that sound like death. Thudding drums. Fractured drumbeats. I like when Yanna talks about wearing her tank-top in the summer and going to the drag-strip. Chaotic. Is this art? Who cares? How did they get that screaming cat noise? More distorted voices. Non-music. I heard that term before. Big Stick must be what it means.

--Chris B.

Mod Fun - "Hangin' Round" (7" EP, Making Tyme Records, 131 W. Passaic Street, Maywood, NJ. 07607)

This 3-song EP is Mod Fun's third vinyl effort, and is by far their best work to date. Mod Fun are a New Jersey trio led by singer/guitarist Mick London, who are heavily influenced by the British invasion, garage grunge and, of course, mod. London's originals borrow from the overall pop sound of the '60's while still coming across as fresh music. One major difference on this EP is the inclusion of 99th Floor fanzine editor Ron Rimsite in the production booth. Rimsite managed to capture the band's sound in a way they weren't able to do on their previous self-produced 45 and album. Now if only we could get this band away from New York's club scene long enough to play a few dates here in Boston ...

-- Julia Carmel

WATERMELON MEN -- Past, Present and Future (LP What Goes On, 3rd Floor, The Metrostore, 5-10 Eastman Rd, The Vale, Acton, London, W.3.)

Sweden's answer to the Neats/Byrds can be found here on the newest release from What Goes On (one of London's coolest indie labels!). Erik Illes' deep vocals and intriguing lyrics plus jangling guitars and a wild keyboard in the background all add up to a heavier, more exciting version of the LA folk/punk sound. There's a nice cover of the Velvets' "There She Goes" and rockin' originals like "Back In My Dreams", but my fave cut is "You Should Be Mine", which is the only cut on the LP where the band really goes into the garage and comes out sounding just like the Music Machine. The Watermelon Men really grow on you. I can't wait for their next release!

--Julia C.

HR - "It's About Luv" (Olive Tree Records, P.O. Box 13026, Washington D.C. 20009)

I've never been a Bad Brains fan; I'm not extraordinarily knowledgeable about Rastas; and I'm not thrilled by pot smoking; so when I say I don't like this record by the ex-Bad Brains singer more or less about life as a Rasta and his imprisonment for possession, take it with as much salt as you can, unless you're on a low sodium diet, in which case the proverbial grain should do. Nothing on this record grabs me; maybe I'm just looking for pop hooks, but I find it shallow and essentially lifeless, and its divisions ("thrash", "reggae", "melodic funk" and combinations) are just a bit too calculated. But then, I'm just a critic, so what do I know?

--Tux-Boy

THE FACTION - "Dark Room" (JM Records, Suite 109-222, 15466 Los Gatos Blvd., Los Gatos, CA 95030)

Well, the packaging is great, if really strange, a front cover suggesting heavy metal or death rock and a back portrait of the band that is better than any photograph at portraying an image - they seem like a really likeable bunch. Unfortunately, the music inside doesn't back it all up, reasonably generic hardcore-touched rock. The band go from weighty gothic visions ("Dark Room", "Terror in the Streets") without being really effective, to essential fluff ("Tongue Like A Battering Ram", "You Are Here"), where things turn forced and shallow. Only the throwaway "Let's Go Get Cokes" is worth the cover: offbeat, endearing, even recognisable, and fun.

--Tux-Boy

MOE TUCKER - "Another View" (EP, Var Records, Box 2392 Woburn, MA 01888)

Maureen Tucker is best known for her work with the Velvet Underground. Her solo effort combines her talents with those of Lou Reed, Joe Viglione, Willie Alexander, and others.

"I'm Sticking with You" is a charming song which shows off Moe's little-girl voice. When she sings "I'm sticking with you, 'cause I'm made out of glue," she is downright adorable. The re-make of "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" is a bit of a letdown, however. Moe's vocals are overshadowed by her other instruments: drums, bass, guitars, synthesizer, and tambourine. The result is a clumsy and flat rendition.

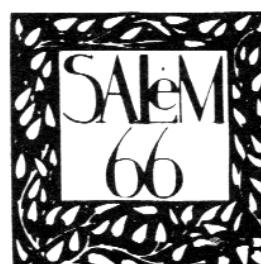
On the flip-side of the album are three versions of the song "Foggy Notion" wailed out by Joe Viglione. There is no reason for the inclusion of each version and the listener is left searching for Moe Tucker.

"Another View" is an interesting EP, but I'd rather hear an album which better utilizes Moe Tucker's talents.

--Rachelle Romberg

SALEM 66 SPRING 1986 TOUR ITINERARY

- 18 April 930 Club, Washington D.C.
19 April Hampton Sidney College, VA
21 April Rockafella's, Columbia, SC.
23 April Kidnapper's, Charlotte, NC.
24 April Metroplex, Atlanta, GA
25 April Varsity, Tuscaloosa, AL
26 April TBA
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30 April Cicero's, St Louis MO
2 May Blue Note, Columbia, MO
3 May Des Moines, IA
4 May 7th St. Entry, Mpls, MN
5 May Amelia's, Iowa City, IA
6 May Triton's Uptown, Champaign/Urbana, IL
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9 May Igloo, Chicago, IL
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12 May Stache's, Columbus, OH
13 May Wright State University, Dayton, OH
14 May Gilly's, Dayton, OH
15 May JB's, Kent, OH
16 May TBA
17 May Phantasy, Cleveland, OH



Snake-Out -- "Gollywobblers From Hell" LP (Metro America Records, P.O. Box 37044, Detroit, MI 48237)

Snake-Out are a totally deranged surf-inspired band from Michigan, with a sense of humor similar to the Boston area Pajama Slave Dancers. "I Was a Teenage Goiter" is a funky little ditty about the size of Jethro from the Beverly Hillbillies. "Tango With the Dead" is another winner, and "Gruncher" is a fun, Ventures-like instrumental. The only cover, "I Put a Spell On You" doesn't hold a candle to the majesty of Screamin' Jay Hawkins original, but it's interesting to hear Snake-Out's falsetto version. "Gollywobblers From Hell" takes psycho-surf to new heights.

-- Julia Carmel

Plan 9 -- "Keep You Cool and Read the Rules" LP (Enigma Entertainment Corp., 1750 East Holly Ave., P.O. Box 2428, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528)

Plan 9's new LP represents a major move away from the psych-garage style which they championed in their previous LP's. However, they have not totally forsaken psych/garage, but have used it as a basis for a strikingly original style which owes as much to the State of Mind and the Third Bardo as to the Grateful Dead (check out their version of 'I'm Five Years Ahead of My Time') and King Crimson ('King 9 Will Not Return) not to mention their own personal experience. Not only has their style evolved, but certain elements have improved vastly. The arranging of the instrumentation is one example. The three guitar attack has been coralled to allow other elements of the band to surface; most notably, Eric's singing (and lyrics), Deb's keys (which add subtle color and texture as well as more conventional parts), Evan's drums (complex yet solid), and John's bass (the new Phil Lesh or Jack Cassidy?). Each member is important to the band's sound, and the parts that they play (even if small) all help the band to function as a unit and achieve a dense sound. The LP's selections are far more diverse than any of their previous LP's. They range from the heavy attack of 'That's Life', and old favorites '11th Hour' and 'Street of Painted Lips' to the acoustic bluesiness of 'Hot Day' and 'Face in the Box' and (of course) the covers 'Machines' (by Lothar and the Hand People) and the jazzy 'Keep Your Cool...', Plan 9 has dished up a winner which could be one of the more important LP's of 1986.

-- A Trodd

THE DANCING HOODS - "12 Jealous Roses," LP (Relativity Records)

The Dancing Hoods are diverse and multi-dimensional, showing a range of talents and emotions. "Twelve Jealous Roses" mocks adolescent

ways with cynical humor and also succeeds in expressing genuine feelings of love and respect.

Hilarious, well-written lyrics are one of the pluses of this band. It's a pleasure to sort out the words and re-play them. "Pleasure" is a laughable, raunchy song of male dominance: "Well I danced on ledges a hundred flights up/I drank dirty water from a jagged cup/I smashed my own bones just to hear them crack/You think this is pain, honey, this is pleasure."

"Impossible Years" is another song of chauvinistic attitudes and the difficulties of letting real emotions develop. The words are ridiculous and amusing: "Hit me with a plough/Kiss me with a brick/Hold me up against a wall/See if I stick."

The album takes a turn with "Building a House," a toughing song of commitment and caring. Slow and smooth, it is proof that adolescent males to grow up and fall in love. "Watching you Sleep" is another pretty song of a man "too shy" to let his emotions out watching his lover as she sleeps.

"Twelve Jealous Roses" is an album worth listening to again and again. It reveals the range of human emotion and the music ability of a single band.

-- Rachelle Romberg

LAUGHING ACADEMY - "Of Rhyme and Reason" (cassette) (Camaraderie Music, P.O. Box 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215)

Hey! Surprise! It's local. It's a cassette. It has a demure, esthetic perspective on a type of music sorely missing from the Boston record bins around town. Mr. Curt's Camaraderie cassette label has made this work by two guys from Jamaica Plains available. Although the song list could use resequencing, the array of tempos and moods make this well-produced five songer more than enjoyable.

"Negative Trend" bursts out of the tape with a mechanized beat (chanting "one hand does what the other hand doesn't") and a crazed wall of guitars that break down the background impersonality. "Insomnia" changes tactics completely with a delicate slowness (subtle congas) and more reliance on the bass line. Then "Whispering Small Talk," a song way too short for its own good, takes a more synth-oriented Eno approach to ambiance. It's atmosphere cries for more developing time. Side 2 begins with "Umbrella," an industrial/factory minded piece covered with unoffensive wailing. And the last song "A Real Laryngitis Victim" plays on a recurring theme - not so much experimental as a mishmash of pleasant sounds. A studio band worth your time.

-- Evie Altman

Public Address -- "Hard to Find But Worth the Effort" (Amigo Music KAB, Box 6058, 10231 Stockholm, Sweden)

Another Swedish band but less like The Nomads and other "Real Cool Time" folks and more in the vein of America's Outnumbered or even Chain Link Fence. This six-song EP has an upbeat, punchy and slightly naive sound to it. From opener "Hearts Deluxe" to "Girl of My Dreams", Public Address is pleasant, perhaps a bit too light for some tastes but certainly not offensive in any way. They do a tidy version of Badfinger's "No Matter What" and even credit the band for giving them inspiration. Not bad overall.

-- Sarah Eaton

PAUL CHASTAIN - "Halo" - EP (Pet Sounds, 64 Riverwood Road, Deerfield, IL 60015)

HALO is poetry set to music. Even the cover is artistic, imitating DaVinci. Paul Chastain's untrained voice, however, is often pinched, sounding like Roger Hodgson (Supertramp) at best. Not only is Chastain the vocalist, but he also performs the bass, guitar, and keyboards - a true Renaissance man. His melodies are comfortable folk-rock.

"Focused" is inspiring, reflective, and confident. Its Crosby, Stills, and Nash harmonies and Alan Parsons-style of soft blending speak of finding one's station in life. The song crescendos at points of revelation and leaves with a feeling of hope. On "Every Other Time," Chastain's vocals are very expressive; the frustration of getting nowhere is deeply felt.

HALO is an interesting artwork, not quite a DaVinci, but not a bad attempt.

--Rachelle Romberg

THE CUCUMBERS - "All Shook Up" - EP (Fake Doom Records, Lock Box 7295, New York, NY 10116)

This is one of those records that doesn't sound quite right on any speed. The Cucumbers' female singer has a babyish voice. This provides for an unusual rendition of Elvis' "All Shook Up." The song was included twice on the EP; an unnecessary extended version consumes the B side.

"Everything Goes" is an original tune where the Cucumbers show their style. It is paradoxically depressing and upbeat at the same time. Silly-weird lyrics color the song: "Take your sorrows and your garbage and dump them in the river/Everything goes everywhere, put me in a package and send me there."

It's too bad more original material was not included in this package; the Cucumbers are fun and bizarre and best when left to explore their own musical territory.

--Rachelle Romberg

DREDD FOOLE & THE DIN - Eat My Dust, Cleanse My Soul (Homestead, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

You can shove your paisley underground where the sun don't shine, along with all those wimpy poseur revivalist bands. For a truly bad trip into the darker 'n seedier, acid-happy days of the '60s, this is as good a tribute as you'll get. A driving whirlwind of sound, dense clusters of guitars creating a hellish cacophony and Dredd's demented vocals, whether punctuated by banshee shrieks or braying in anguish against the dirgey, Velvets-inspired tracks ("Not The Same," "Touch") pack more emotion than 100 paisley pretenders. They pay homage to the Velvets, Stooges and Doors without coming off as a dated artifact; rather, a logical progression into the present. Definitely a soul-cleansing exorcism experience.

--Al Quint

RODS AND CONES - (5-song EP, Duval Discs, 116 Bellevue Road, Watertown, MA 02172)

The long-awaited Rods and Cones EP has finally arrived. It features the video song "Education in Love" (which highlights Brian Hess' mastery of the keyboards) along with four other songs worth listening to.

This band's lyrics never fail to amuse; they are sexual but silly at the same time: "with a push and a shove, we attempt at love"/"your infatuation was my education in love." (These are some of the milder examples).

"Parties" is one of the best songs on the record, it features the reggae-funk sound that often characterizes the band's music. The other songs are: "Push-Shove," "Circles," and "Styrofoam Room."

Lead man/entertainer Chris Kelley fronts Rods and Cones with his loud, "manly" vocals. He is supported by Jim Duffy on bass guitar, violin and vocals; Chris DiNardo on drums and supplying back vocals; Gray France on guitars and "plastic tubing;" Brian Hess on keyboards; and Jimmy DiNardo on percussion and singing back vocals.

The album cover is an abstract drawing of eyes, and rods and cones (rods and cones in the human eye determine how a person sees color). The contents of the album are very listenable and a lot of fun.

--Rachelle Romberg

LAURA SAWYER

Photography

14 Avon Place
Cambridge, Mass. 02140
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JUDY'S TINY HEAD - "My Car" (4-song EP, Tiny Head Music, 645 Beacon Street, Box 42, Boston, MA 02115)

Though the comparison has been made countless times already, one cannot help wondering, after listening to Judy's Tiny Head, if their vocalist and band name were influenced by the Talking Heads. "My Car" is a fun EP well worth listening to. The best side is the A side which features "My Car," a white-funk and rapping song full of energy and action. "Farmowners" may be the best single, however, with its impressive sax and danceable Madness/David Byrne sound. Another enjoyable song, "Lumbering Jack," is doing well across the nation right now. "Myths" is a jazzy, slower tune which is long but interesting.

The MY CAR EP is a record guaranteed to pick up any mood or party. This is a "must" for your local rock music collection.

--Rachelle Romberg

BLOODSPORT - I Am The Game (Homestead, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

Another second (or is it third) generation band out of Chicago that goes beyond the expected and predictable into innovative waters. Hard-driving, metallic post-punk combining with hardcore elements along similar lines as soulmates Naked Raygun and early Killing Joke. "Hangman's Dance" stands out, with a stormtrooper attack that takes a more original and melodic route than standard thrash and "Rhythms of Reason" possessed a clever whistling chorus plus powerhouse drumming under the intricate bass and guitar textures. A strong, enticing effort.

--Al Quint

GREEN RIVER - Come On Down (Homestead, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571)

Cutting and slashing its way into your heart, a raging river of progressive heavy metal that grinds and swirls into a manic state. No cock-rocking posturing is present; rather a mountain of guitars, bass and hammering drums combine with braying vocals to erupt into a din of crazed dementia. "Corner Of My Eye" is a drowning pool of insanity and "Tunnel Of Love" is Mr. Macho's worst nightmare. Painful, gut-wrenching, but ultimately fulfilling, the sluggard attack of Green River is a fulfilling primal scream.

--Al Quint

PEPPERS CONTINUED

Eddie observed Flea for a year and realized all Flea likes to do is party all the time, so he wrote a song about him. Cool huh? Do you believe everything you read? These guys are like, RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS. And they could be in Mexico right now working on their next album.

JOE LYNN TURNER - "Rescue You" (10-song LP, Elektra/Asylum Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019)

Joe Lynn Turner's first solo album away from RAINBOW is a smart move in the world of commercial rock music. The cover portrays Turner as a slick teen idol and the contents reflect this. The ten songs are dance-rock, idealistic love songs formulated for the top 40 and MTV. But Turner's hard edge is still present and his individual style shows through.

These songs, however, don't have the RAINBOW feel of "Stone Cold" or "Street of Dreams." They sound heavily influenced by Journey and Foreigner, commercial rock bands more recently specializing in ballads.

The premier single, "Endlessly," is an upbeat ballad sure to capture the young female heart. Another example of a romantic song is "Young Hearts." The lyrics to this are: "They say our love will never last/we're much too young, falling much too fast/well just how empty can their hearts be/did they lose love's memory?"

"Get Tough" stands apart in its message by drifting away from love and infatuation. But still, it doesn't say anything new.

Joe Lynn Turner's debut solo album contains material that is not terribly original, but is enjoyable to listen to. He knows he has a large audience for this LP and has directed his efforts towards them.

--Rachelle Romberg

THE TRUTH - "Playground" (LP IRS 70 Universal City Park, Universal City, CA)

The Truth are five mod-looking guys from the UK who sound the way they look: like a bunch of blokes who've spent a lot of time listening to the Jam and Motown. Not that this is bad. The album is fun and likeable. The title cut, featuring a catchy keyboard riff, is a song Boston's Prime Movers would kill for. "Exception of Love" sounds like it could've been a Jam outtake as it echos Paul Weller-type vocals and the Motown sound. The Truth, together since '82, recorded an earlier EP on IRS last year and are currently planning an intensive tour of the States. If you plan to see them live, dress smart and wear your dancin' shoes!

--Julia C.

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND - "Sequence," EP (Fundamental Music, P.O. Box 20309, Covington, GA 30209)

Xmal Deutschland's sounds are imported from Germany but translation isn't necessary to absorb the listener into the moods of this music. A sound dark and haunting, on the first listen, it is questionable whether the record is on the right speed. The low vocals of the male singer serve as a sense effect more than a vehicle for

lyrical message. The songs are long and repetitive, "Jahr um Jahr II" comprises an entire side of the EP. This tune is a haunting blend of chants and instrumentals.

"Sequenz" is a unique work. Moody and rich, it challenges the senses.

--Rachelle Romberg

NAKED RAYGUN - "All Rise" (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0570)

A wall of sound that knocked me on my ass. Naked Raygun's second album is already a contender for best of '86, bursting out with an all-engulfing roar. Loud and crashing guitars, stirring vocal "whoahs" and superb songwriting propel NR's musical steamroller. "Home of The Brave," "Knock Me Down," and "Backlash Jack" define infectious with steamhammer riffing, and heart and emotion that few bands have approached lately. "Peacemaker" and "Mr. Gridlock" swagger with confidence, building up the tension level until submission results. Naked Raygun have the essential tools, the knockout punch calibre, that a rock band needs for world domination!

--Al Quint

ED GEIN'S CAR - "Making Dick Dance" (319 3rd, #2L, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

Besides having one of the more creative band names rolling around, Ed Gein's Car create a buzz by recapturing the spirit and power of '77 period punk, making it still sound fresh and vital. This album isn't a regressive trip - instead, "Making Dick Dance" blows 'ya over with razor-sharp riffing, rude, snotty and streetwise lyrics and Scot Weiss' bellowing, sandpaperly vocals. Lots of sweat, aggression and tunefullness throughout. The ghost of the Dead Boys, Dictators and Heartbreakers lives on within this band's soul. Gut level and from the heart.

--Al Quint

CLASSIC RUINS - "Lassie Eats Chickens" (Throbbing Lobster, P.O. Box 205, Brookline, MA 02146)

Basic rock 'n roll from this veteran Boston outfit. The Ruins are no bullshit rockers. Frank Rowe's sonorous, yet raw guitar and gravelly vocals are the Ruins' long-standing trademarks and his knack for a hook as been perfected by a decade of banging it out in seedy basement dives. Rowe also possesses a penchant for well-written, tongue-in-cheek lyrics that are a cut above ordinary bar rock - a song about bums attending a wake for the free food and witty observations about liquid refreshment, romance and bosses. A fun album to drink to, dance to, enjoy, and making no pretenses beyond serving those purposes - purposes that are well served. Cheers!

--Al Quint



OEDIPUS' NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS TOP 20

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. JESUS AND MARY CHAIN | Psychocandy |
| 2. VIOLENT FEMMES | The Blind Leading the Naked |
| 3. BANGLES | Different Light |
| 4. PIL | Rise |
| 5. ADULT NET | "Edie" |
| 6. HUSKER DU | "Don't Want To Know If You Are Lonely" |
| 7. PETER MURPHY | "The Final Solution" |
| 8. THE CALL | Reconciled |
| 9. TALK TALK | "Life's What You Make It |
| 10. SWIMMING POOL Q'S | Blue Tomorrow |
| 11. THE COSTELLO SHOW | King of America |
| 12. DEAD KENNEDYS | Frankenchrist |
| 13. GREEN ON RED | No Free Lunch |
| 14. UNTIL DECEMBER | "We Are the Boys" |
| 15. VISIGOTHS | I.B.B.Y. |
| 16. DAMNED | "Eloise" |
| 17. TOMMY KEENE | "Places That Are Gone" |
| 18. CLANNAD | Macalla |
| 19. EXPLODING WHITE MICE | A Nest of Vipers |
| 20. CACTUS WORLD NEWS | "Years Later" |
- (Oedipus, c/o WBCN, 1265 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02215).

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LIQUID GENERATION - "I Love You" b/w "½ to Zen" (Green Monkey Records, P.O. Box 31983, Seattle, WA 98103)

Rocco always gives me records with such cool covers. Real works of art you'd love to hang on the garage wall. This Seattle, self-proclaimed "sixties Texas garage band" even has a picture of Uncle Fester on back of the lyric sheet. "I Love You" (A redundant title, huh?) is the more excitable side reminiscent of the Flies during instrumentals or at least until the lead guitar begins galavanting. The percussion slips in a gritty jumble of noises while typically stupid lyrics clap clap along.

The other side is about some psychedelic drug trip (I think). But even breathing walls don't compensate for love.

--Evie Altman

BOSTON ROCK AND ROLL ANTHOLOGY VOLUME 6 (Var Records, Box 2392, Woburn, MA 01888)

The Count has produced another Boston rock music anthology which again is hardly the best representation of the local rock scene. There seems to be some confusion - why is the cover a scene of California?

Local legend Willie Loco Alexander provides a stand-out on the album. "Blues for Vanessa" is his sarcastic tune about Vanessa Williams. Alexander caterwauls, "Miss America doesn't fool around" because she's supposed to be the girl next door (who apparently doesn't, either).

"Two Spaces to You" is Joe Viglione's musical attempt of putting avante-garde prose to music. The Allies boast an original, electric tune, "Number One." Possibly the number one song on the album, the tune is clever and memorable.

The Anthology Volume 5 is a continuation of the previous five; it presents a number of local bands with different styles representative of the many kinds of bands in the Boston area.

--Rachelle Romberg

ED CONTINUED

like the Ramones a lot...! like Adrenalin O.D., I like Damage...I grew up on the Clash...I grew up on the Pistols." Eric: "Frank Zappa, T. Rex..." Tim: "Motorhead!" Everybody: "Motor-fucking-head!"

That's why it's dangerous to try to classify Ed Gein's Car. Just when you think you've fit them into a neat little category, they go and mutate on you. They're funny, they're frightening, they're smart, and they're stupid, simultaneously. The one constant is that they love what they're doing. "All I ever wanted to do was play music," Fred says, "All I want to do is get up on stage and be great - every time!"

Who can ask anything more of a band? —

The Chesterfield Kings - "Stop" LP (Mirror Records, 645 Titus Avenue, Rochester, NY 14617)

Greg, Rick, Ori, Doug and Andy are the grooviest set of ("60 second") swings ever to emerge from the far-out arctic region of upstate New York. These Rochesterfield cans really know where the action is! Compared to their first LP of all obscure covers, "Stop" is a pleasant surprise comprised of 4 fab covers and 8 happening originals. If these tunes were recorded twenty years ago, I'd be listening to them on Pebbles Vol. 5 and Jeff "Mono Mann" Connelly would be hunting down original copies of the singles for his private collection.

This record is 100% primitive rock, with no bogus hi-tech coatings. Who needs it? Certainly not these "five kings of stone." Buy this record even if you have to save up your lunch money for 2 weeks and hock your little brother's Snoopy snow cone machine -- Satisfaction guaranteed.

-- Jill Brown

Seeing Eye Gods -- "Seeing Eye Gods" EP (Epitaph Records, 3355 W. Segundo Blvd., Hawthorne, CA. 90205)

As if you couldn't tell from the name of the band or by the sight of their EP in record stores (i.e. the lime green and raspberry red paisley vinyl that is this record) the Seeing Eye Gods are another psychedelic California band in the same vein as the Salvation Army (now the 3 O'Clock) and the early Rain Parade. Dreamy vocals, lots of echo-y back-up vocals, jangling guitars and tamourines are the basic staples of the God's sound; not exactly the most original sounds to compete for airplay and attention, but interesting nonetheless. The Gods do a nice job on their cover of the Status Quo's "Pictures of Matchstick Men." "Only One" and "Psychedelic Suzy" also stand up to repeated listening. And, if you like the first side of this EP I guarantee you'll like the second side, too - both include exactly the same cuts!

-- Julia Carmel

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Minutemen -- "3 Way Tie for Last" (SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260)

A sad record to listen to, indeed, after the tragic death of guitarist/vocalist D. Boon. "3 Way Tie" is a musically challenging, fully-realized work of depth and passion. There are a few commercial stabs, notably the beautiful "Price of Paradise," but lots of innovation, including covers of CCR, Urinals, Meat Puppets and Roky Erickson ("Bermuda" sung over the phone by Mike Watt) songs, plus the Latino "Big Stick," a reasonable argument against US involvement in Central America. I was always impressed with the fact that the Minutemen could express their political viewpoints in a manner that wasn't reliant on cliche. The loss of this band, just as they were on the verge of a breakthrough, is a devastating loss for us all.

-- Portnoy

PLASTICLAND - "Wonder Wonderful Wonderland" (Pink Dust Records, 1750 East Holly Avenue, P.O. Box 2424, El Segundo, CA 90245-1528)

Psychedelic revival type stuff and Plasticland, despite having carefully tailored their image, have a knack for writing some knock-

out tunes. "Gloria Knight," "Fairytale Hysteria" and "Gingerbread House" are dominated by rave-up leads and there's a mystique to their style, airy, dense and lush, a refreshing change from the cheeky wimpout pop of other 60s revivalists like Rain Parade. Head music aficionados should really get into this.

-- Al Quint

Angst -- - "Lite Life" LP (SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA)

This 3-piece band's most outstanding feature is their song-writing versatility. They conjure up a variety of different sounds such that they oscillate within the dreaded category of "New Wave". Fortunately, they don't fill their album with dreary broken heart songs (after all, who cares how many times someone got dumped if you don't know them anyway?) or "kill the Commies because we don't want a war" songs, or "I'm so depressed, I can't even afford a razor blade" songs. Bluntly, their lyrics are more interesting than the actual music. For those of you who need a comparison -- they sound like the band X-mas. The music isn't bad, it's just not sensational.

-- Jill Brown



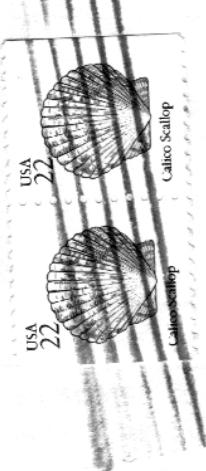
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